POEMS;

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VIZ.

Four Paſtorals,
An Elegy,
An Anacreontic Ode,
Aquafortis, a Satire.

By RICHARD MICHELL.

Te ſequor, O *Angliæ* gentis Decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono preſſis veſtigia ſignis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem,
Quòd te imitari aveo. LUCRET.

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PREFACE

THE

PREFACE.

I Am much obliged to thoſe, who encouraged the Publication of this Work. 'Tis very diſadvantageous for a Poet to appear in an Age, when 'tis hard to ſay, which of the two is the moſt predominant, Ignorance or Malice. However, there are a few *Literati*. The *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* of the Age (beſides ſeveral other eminent Perſons) ſaid that my laſt Poem had very conſiderable Merit in regard to Poetry, that I had ſpoken the Truth, and he believed that I was a Youth of the ſoundeſt Integrity, and of the moſt unſhaken Principle, but he was afraid by ſpeaking too plain I ſhould injure myſelf, and that I was too honeſt to be great. The Deſert of ſuch a Character fills my Soul with Pleaſure, and exalts it to

the Skies, for every thing in this World is infinitely inferior to a good Conſcience. Therefore, ſince I meet with Applauſe from an *Ariſtotle* and a *Longinus*, I may very appoſitely ſay, with Phædrus,

Illiteratum Plauſum non deſidero ——

Many have very indiſcreetly obſerv'd that a Satiriſt muſt be of an ill-natur'd Diſpoſition; but I can juſtly affirm that I have the Honour to be intimately acquainted with a few Perſons of the moſt approv'd Reputation and of the moſt ſhining Abilities, who know the Frankneſs of my Heart, and who are conſcious that I am quite the reverſe--and farther to obviate this charge, I ſhall quote this excellent Paſſage from the inimitable *Dryden*. 'Tis an Action of Virtue (ſays he) to make Examples of vicious Men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their Crimes and Follies; both for their own Amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the Terror of others, to hinder them from falling into thoſe Enormities, which they ſee are ſo ſeverely puniſh'd, in the Perſons of others.

Tho'

Tho' the following Pieces are not laboured, yet upon the whole I believe that they are truly poetical, and I hope will not be altogether unentertaining to the Reader. If a ſtrict Adherence to my Subject in the Satire has confin'd me ſo far that here and there a Line ſhould ſeem to fail in Smoothneſs of Numbers, *Dryden* ſays,

That Satire needs not thoſe, and Wit will ſhine
Thro' the harſh Cadence of a rugged Line.

I ſhall conclude with that beautiful Expreſſion of *Horace*,

—— non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

PASTORAL I.

DAMON AND DAMON.

DAMON.

PASTORAL I.

MENALCAS AND DAMON.

MENALCAS.

OH! Swain, what anxious Cares diſturb thy Breaſt,
Thy Countenance declares thy Want of Reſt,
Thy late ſtrong Eyes diſſolve in weeping Tears,
A languid Paleneſs o'er thy Face appears,
Thy vig'rous Conſtitution waſtes away,
Unleſs thou mendeſt, thou muſt ſoon decay.
Hath ſome dear Friend the Debt of Nature paid,
Or is thy Flock in a lone Valley ſtray'd?

DAMON.

The Debt of Nature no dear Friend hath paid,
Nor is my Flock in a lone Valley ſtray'd.

I've

I've loſt Œnone whom I love ſo dear,
'Tis only ſhe can charm my raviſh'd Ear,
'Tis only ſhe that's grateful to my View,
The loveliest Nymph that ever Nature drew;
'Tis only ſhe that has the Power to pleaſe,
My kindled Soul with ſmiling Hours of Eaſe.
But when I ſpeak ſhe urges on Deſpair,
And to the Wind leaves my neglected Pray'r;
Since I in vain her fleeting Steps purſue,
Come welcome Death and all the World Adieu.

MENALCAS.

Talk not of Love, for that's an idle Tale,
And can o'er none but feeble Minds prevail.
See! how the bleſs'd Creation ſmiles around,
Leaves clothe the Trees, and Flowrets paint the Ground;
The Streams roll gently on their Chryſtal Tide,
With prattling Sounds diſcloſe their wanton Pride.
Hark! how the tuneful Birds alternate ſing,
And hail the Glories of the chearful Spring.

The

The glowing Sun ſheds forth a purer Ray;
On yonder Mount the little Lambkins play.
Freſh Bleſſings riſe from late deſcended Show'rs,
Laborious Bees buzz o'er the fragrant Flow'rs.
Let us make haſte to yonder ſhady Tree,
And paſs the glorious Day in higheſt Glee;
Then on my oaten Pipe I'll jocund play,
And you ſhall dance and ſing the jovial Lay.
Sweet Mirth will ſoon diſpel your anxious Care,
And free your troubled Heart from ſad Deſpair.

D A M O N.

Was Orpheus here to ſing the ſweeteſt Song,
To ſtop the running Streams and draw the Trees along;
E'en he could not my ſore Diſeaſe remove,
For ſurely there's but one Relief for Love.
Cupid has ſmote me with his vi'lent Dart,
And I muſt die with the diſtracting Smart;
Since I in vain her fleeting Steps purſue,
Come welcome Death and all the World Adieu.

MENALCAS.

What art thou mad? that Reaſon can't reſtrain
Thy wild Deſire, and cure thy furious Pain?
Doſt thou ſurmiſe no other Maid can be
So ſweet, ſo charming and ſo fair as ſhe?
Doſt thou ſurmiſe that ſhe's for ever fled,
And reſolutely loaths the nuptial Bed?
If ſo, I'll lead thee where there's to be ſeen,
Twelve pretty Maidens dancing on the Green:
Fine flow'ry Wreaths their beauteous Heads adorn,
Their roſy Cheeks tranſcend the glowing Morn.
The Sun's decline with pleaſing Mirth is crown'd,
They ſprightly dance, and merry Songs go round.
For each has got a Caliopeian Voice,
And doubtleſs you may make a nobler Choice.
In a new Love you might have good Succeſs,
And gain a perſevering Happineſs;
She might a comfortable Salve impart,
And ſtop the bleeding of thy wounded Heart.

DA-

DAMON.

The Vane is alter'd by the ſportive Wind,
Not ſo my contumacious ſettled Mind.
No various Charms can quell my ſtrong Deſire,
And quench Love's unextinguiſhable Fire:
So beautiful, and ſo refin'd in Mein,
She looks more charming than *Cythera*'s Queen.
Her balmy Breath to me is ſweeter far,
Than ſweeteſt Flow'rs that ſcent the Morning Air.
I'm more refreſhen'd at her lovely Sight,
Than wither'd Herbage by the dewy Night.
But ſhe's ſo cruel, that ſhe always ſhuns
My Love-warm Kiſſes; and more rapid runs
Than the fleet Hare, when her the Greyhounds chace,
To ſhelter in ſome neighb'ring woody Place:
The Hare t'elude 'em haſtens more her Flight,
So ſhe more haſtens to elude my Sight.
Since I in vain her fleeting Steps purſue,
Come welcome Death, and all the World adieu.

MENALCAS.

Women by Nature ſhould be ſoft and kind,
For Virtue iſſues from a gen'rous Mind;
But they in common far more cruel are,
Than the fierce Tyger and the rav'nous Bear.
Be once advis'd, and joyful ſpend the Day,
Drink and carouſe, and waſh thy Cares away.

DAMON.

Liquor will only raiſe my Spirits higher,
Urge on the Flame, and Fuel add to Fire.
For ſhe's ſo deeply imag'd in my Breaſt,
I can't obtain a Moment's pleaſing Reſt.
When welcome Sleep has ſeal'd my weary'd Eyes,
Her hov'ring Phantom o'er me ſeeming flies.
I ſtrive to graſp it with extended Arms,
Hoping t' enjoy her moſt endearing Charms:
But ſtill deluded I awake again,
And of my falſe hard-hearted Love complain.
Since I in vain her fleeting Steps purſue,
Come welcome Death, and all the World adieu.

MENALCAS.

What would you do, if you could win her Heart?

DAMON.

I would ten thouſand Kiſſes firſt impart,
Then on her Beauty feed my famiſh'd Eyes,
With pleaſing Wonder, and with glad Surpriſe.
At length ruſh eager to the wiſh'd Embrace,
And do my beſt to glory all our Race.
Until that Time I never ſhall have Reſt,
For vain Surmiſes load my anxious Breaſt.
Since I in vain her fleeting Steps purſue,
Come welcome Death, and all the World adieu.

MENALCAS.

Where could you live, that ſhe could be content,
And feed on ſalutary Nouriſhment?

DAMON.

My Cot ſtands pleaſant, near a purling Stream,
My Cows would yield her cooling Curds and Cream:
My Garden's planted with the goodlieſt Trees,
Whoſe Sweets are wafted by the gentle Breeze:
We could our Time in Innocence employ,
And all the Bleſſings of the Year enjoy:
The Dairy ſhe could mind, and I the Sheep,
At Night renew our am'rous Joys and Sleep:
Theſe watry Eyes would then have balmy Reſt,
And her ſoft Claſp would make me doubly bleſt.
But as I'm fruſtrated in my Deſign,
And ſhe rejects in Wedlock to combine,
I'm fully bent thro' Woods and Groves to ſtray,
And pour until I die the plaintive Lay.
Since I in vain her fleeting Steps purſue,
Come welcome Death, and all the World adieu.

MENALCAS.

Poor hapleſs Swain, for evermore farewell,
I'm ſorry nought can thy ſore Grief repel;
Sure in thy Body's lodg'd a ſickly Mind,
Or elſe thou wouldſt be otherwiſe inclin'd,
Than for a Woman ſo much Pain to bear,
Who loads a Man with never-ceaſing Care.
She ſtudies but to make herſelf a Show,
And of all Things to Man's the greateſt Foe.
She's ſo deceitful and ſo full of Guile,
She ruins him with an inſidious Smile.

PASTORAL II.

PALÆMON AND THYRSIS.

PALÆMON.

THE Sun, O Thyrſis, vertical, diſplays
His ſultry Influence with infectious Rays;
Hot baleful Steams aſcend from parching Plains;
From Pole to Pole a dazzling Deluge reigns:
The Heav'n and Earth, where roving Eyes can gaze,
Seem all on Fire---an undiſtinguiſh'd Blaze.
Mowers an Interval of Toil require,
Their Scythes lay down, and from the Meads retire.

The panting Sheep to ſhady Hedges run,
Where thick'ning Boughs exclude the ſcorching Sun.
The tuneful Birds ceaſe ſinging Songs of Love,
And fly for Covert to the gloomy Grove.
My languid Body's bath'd with clammy Sweat,
I can no longer bear the ſick'ning Heat.
This ſeems a pleaſant Arbor to regale,
Here Lovers may rehearſe a tender Tale.
The gurgling Fountain down the Valley flows,
The Hyacinth with virgin Purple glows.
Sweet-ſmelling Thyme and fragrant Briars ſhed,
A balmy Eſſence to the aching Head.
Let us ſit down, and am'rous Ditties ſing,
The Notes around the ecchoing Groves will ring.

THYRSIS.

I'll to thy rational Advice agree,
And gladly ſpend a jovial Hour with thee.
Enough is ſaid---let us no Time prolong—
Attentive liſten, I'll begin the Song—

To ſprightly Mirth the Charms of Love invite,
On which I think by Day, and dream by Night,
I love a Nymph that rivals *Sylvia's* Fame,
Of nobler Race—*Dorinda* is her Name—
As I was walking at the riſing Dawn,
By chance I ſpy'd her in th' enamell'd Lawn,
Picking the choiceſt Flow'rets pearl'd with Dew,
Herſelf the ſweeteſt and of faireſt Hue.
Her roſy Cheeks beautied her Lily Face;
Of Amber Colour flow'd with ſeemly Grace
Her ſhining Treſſes negligent behind,
And wav'd delightſome to the wanton Wind.
Her azure Eyes were lovelier to behold,
Than glitt'ring Gems enchas'd in burniſh'd Gold.
An envious Veil her Iv'ry Skin conceal'd,
A broider'd Zone Love's chanting Altar veil'd.
Virtue ſat thron'd upon her modeſt Brow,
She look'd a graceful Goddeſs here below.
Her charming Beauties rais'd without Controul,
Valid Emotions from my deepeſt Soul.
I claſp'd her round, and ſtole a gentle Kiſs,
Love's Avenue to a much ſweeter Bliſs.

Surpriz'd,

Surpriz'd, aſham'd, ſhe forc'd my lab'ring Arms,
And ſwiftly fled, her Flight increas'd her Charms.
I'gan to pray, my Pray'r impell'd her Pace,
She left me doleful in a lagging Chace.
Her ſince with more Propitiouſneſs I've view'd,
To bend her Heart my Love-warm Pray'r renew'd,
A little while attentively ſhe ſtood,
Then hurried to her Covert in the Wood.
My ſore Diſeaſe I could not long endure,
But Hope, the beſt and moſt applauded Cure,
Conſoles my ſicken'd Soul with ſweet Allay,
And urges ſtill a more ſucceſsful Day.
The Thoughts of her can only me delight,
Her I imagine always in my Sight;
For ſhe's the loveliеſt and the deareſt Part,
Of my compaſſionate divided Heart.
Freſh Graſs is grateful to the milky Dams,
Diſtended Udders to the ſucking Lambs,
The flow'ry Meadow to the buſy Bee,
To Sun-burn'd Travellers the ſhady Tree,
But more than all the World *Dorinda*'s Charms to me.

PALÆMON.

I love a Laſs induſtriouſly inclin'd,
Who'll face the keeneſt Air and ſtormy Wind,
With Vigilance attend the pregnant Dams,
And aid with careful Hand the fault'ring Lambs.
When *Lucifer* ſhines forth with ſplendid Ray,
Calls up the Morn and bids the Night—away—
And wakeful Cocks their waking Clarions ſound,
Alarming ev'ry neighb'ring Village round;
She'll leave her Bed deſpiſing noxious ſleep,
And hurry on to free the folded Sheep,
Which Yeſterday (while Sol did warmly beam)
She help'd me waſh in the deep running Stream;
Altho' the Shearers work with willing Mind,
They cannot ſhear ſo faſt as ſhe can wind.
Laſſes like mine are uſeful to thoſe Swains,
That tend large Flocks in wide-extended Plains.
What Uſe is Beauty only but to ſee,
The lab'ring Sunny Brown beſt pleaſes me,
Of Virtue Induſtry's a noble Part,
That bends to Honeſty the lazy Heart.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

Dorinda's Sight would fire thy frigid Soul,
A quenchleſs Flame would o'er thy Body roll,
And waſte thy Vigor with o'erbearing Pain,
A Pain too tort'ring for thy giddy Brain.
Dorinda deeply printed in thy Breaſt,
Would drive off Sleep and break thy nightly Reſt.
Thy lab'ring Laſs would be at once forgot,
Thy buſy Mind be ſtill employ'd to plot
Some curious ſubtle Project, to ſubvert
The ſettled Baſis of her ſtubborn Heart.

PALÆMON.

Beauty to thee may pleaſing ſeem and fair,
Aiming at Subſtance thou wilt catch but Air.
Beauty's fantaſtical—a fading Flow'r,
That ruins Dotards with beguiling Pow'r.
If Want appear, ſhe ſhuts Love out o'Door,
Her Promiſe breaks and turns an arrant Whore,

A little while ſhe ſeems a Bleſſing giv'n,
But has no real Spark of Light from Heav'n.
Diſconſolate, when ghaſtly Death appears,
Sobbing for Vices done in Prime of Years,
She wiſhes ſhe her Time had better ſpent,
And blames Miſconduct with a loud Lament.
While Induſtry reſigns in Peace her Breath,
And falls with Pleaſure in the Arms of Death,
How much more eminent 'tis to depart,
This tranſient Life with a ſound righteous Heart,
And be full certain of a bliſsful State,
Than thro' Demerit fear a bitter Fate.

T R Y R S I S.

This thread-bare Topic now let us decline,
Pleaſure thy Soul and I will pleaſure mine.
The Sun rolls down th'etherial Hill apace,
To bathe in briny Seas his fi'ry Face:
The Moon will quickly riſe with milder Beam,
And ſtudding Stars with twinkling Luſtre gleam,
The ſcorching Day the welcome Night ſucceeds,
The Cordial Dew the wither'd Herbage feeds;

Let

Let us make haſte and fold the bleating Sheep,
And heal our weary'd Eyes with balmy Sleep.

PALÆMON.

'Tis Time to haſte, for in the South ariſe
Thick gath'ring Clouds, and ſadd'ning to the Eyes.
See! foll'wing forky Flaſhes ev'ry where,
Blaze in the Skies and lighten all the Air.
Hark! how the awful Claps of Thunder roll,
With dreadful Noiſe, and ſhake the diſtant Pole.
The ſluicy Rain will ſoon come pouring down,
And ev'ry Field and ev'ry Meadow drown.
To drive my Sheep to Shelter I muſt hie,
The Barn ſhall ſhield 'em from th' inclement Sky.
For when Aurora gilds the Orient Sphere,
With Diligence we ſhall begin to ſhear,
That we may finiſh 'ere the Sun goes down,
A goodly Feaſt the jolly Eve ſhall crown;
A ſnow-white Cloth ſhall decently be ſpread,
O'er the large Table, and good Victuals led:

And

And when the Rage of Hunger is ſuppreſt,
That gen'rous Pleaſure elevates the Breaſt,
We'll drink freſh joyous Healths without Delay,
And drown the toiling Trouble of the Day,
Thou ſhalt be welcome to a chearful Glaſs,
In Mirth the lateſt Hours the reſt ſurpaſs.

THYRSIS.

I'll drive my Flock to Fold on yonder Hill,
To-morrow Night with thee I'll take my Fill,
Play on my Pipe, while the gay Shearers ſing
Their merry Songs, 'till Morn expands her Wing,
And paints the Glaſſes with a crimſon Dye,
Then to my Fold o'er Hill and Dale I'll hie.
The Lark will chear me, as I go along,
The Skies attuning with her warbling Song.
The ſhearing Viſit thou ſhalt ſoon repay,
For I intend to waſh on Saturday.

PASTORAL III.

DAPHNIS AND ALCON.

DAPHNIS.

ALCON, the ſprightly Morn's exceeding fair,
The gentle Breezes fan the buxom Air;
The bluſhing Dawn has put the Stars to Flight,
The riſing Sun diſplays more glorious Light,
The Flocks, from Folds, releas'd delighted paſs
Along the Vales and brouze the ſweeteſt Graſs,
Let us with Joy accept this pleaſant Day,
Enlarge our Souls and drive our Cares away;
Let us continue on this lofty Brow,
And view the pleaſing Proſpect down below.

Their

There Honey Streams in wild Meanders ſtray,
And dazzling Sun-beams on the Surface play.
Two Turtle-Doves ſtand on the Riv'let's Brink,
T'allay their Thirſt the Chryſtal Water drink;
Here *Damon* comes let us ſit Side by Side,
And let a Song in Rivalſhip be try'd.

ALCON.

If Thirſt of Pelf and wild Ambition bend
Thy feeble Mind in ſinging to contend,
I'll ſtake yon Ram that walks with ſtately Pride,
And who ſings beſt—let *Damon* then decide—

DAPHNIS.

My Stake ſhall be more valuable than thine,
A ſilver Bowl engrav'd with Art divine,
So very clean, ſo very lately made,
The thirſty Lip from it was ne'er allay'd,
Where you may view the azure Heav'n's Expanſe,
Sun, Moon, and Stars in various Circles dance;

The

The changing Seaſons of the rolling Year,
In their diſtinguiſhable Shapes appear.
Farmers may gain the Knowledge when to plow
The fertile Glebe, their Corn to reap or ſow.
Beſides another Scene that muſt delight,
A lovely Maiden charming to the Sight,
Sits high delighted in the cooling Shade,
Whoſe ſolemn Rites are to *Diana* pay'd.
Her ſnowy Boſom ſheds a chanting Ray,
On which a thouſand cruel Cupids play:
That thoughtleſs and impatient Gazers fire,
And fill their am'rous Hearts with wild Deſire.
Around her Arbour Love-ſick Woers ſtand,
And beg the Boon to kiſs her Lily Hand;
Now that ſhe ſpurns, now this allures awhile,
And feeds falſe Hopes with a deluſive Smile.
True Love they promiſe, quarrel and contend,
Repeat raſh Vows, but can't her Firmneſs bend.
Them ſhe rejects with horrible Diſdain,
Diana's Rules determin'd to maintain;
The anxious bleeding Soul and mournful Tear,
She ridicules with an hard-hearted Sneer:

Yet fix'd they ſtand, their cruel Fate bemoan,
Tear drives out Tear, and Groan re-echoes Groan.

ALCON.

Ye, heav'nly Muſes, who with tuneful Voice,
Can make the Poet's chearful Heart rejoice,
To me, to me, your ſacred Succour bring,
And deign me with unrival'd Lays to ſing.
The noble Prize ſhall quickly then be mine,
For which the Heart of *Daphnis* will repine;
But he may learn from my tranſcendent Rhyme,
To wager better at another Time.

DAPHNIS.

My humble Pray'r in Time of utmoſt Need,
Hear, glorious *Phœbus!* and if I ſucceed,
And make this Boaſter baſhful hang his Head,
Like a new-married Virgin put to Bed.
A brindled Heifer at thy holy Shrine,
Shall yearly bleed, and all the Praiſe be thine.

ALCON.

My eager Tongue no longer can refrain,
The ſpeedy Greyhound ſcours along the Plain;
But the fleet Hare with quicker Motion runs,
Reaching the Copſe, a bloody Death ſhe ſhuns:
So ſhuns a Nymph a Lecher's lewd Embrace,
Her Covert enters, and eludes his Chace.

DAPHNIS.

Hark! how the thund'ring Guns diſcharg'd reſound,
And fill with dire Alarms the Vallies round;
The Pheaſant meets with unexpected Death,
Headlong he falls, and falling leaves his Breath.

ALCON.

The Swallows, conſcious of the Change of Year,
In a dark gath'ring ample Cloud appear,
Ready to warmer Climes to take their Flight,
Or ſheltry Rocks and Winter turn to Night,

And ſleep regardleſs of the boiſt'rous Sound,
Of the hard-driving Billows hoarſely roaring round,
That laſh the craggy Rocks, and from the craggy Rocks rebound.

D A P H N I S.

The nimble Squirrel ſhuns his diſtant Foes,
Cracks the brown Nuts, and wantons in the Boughs.

A L C O N.

To yonder Hazle Row I'll quickly ſpeed,
My curious Eyes, the thick'ning Cluſters feed;
There all my Pockets I can fill with Eaſe,
Which will my lovely ſmiling *Ægle* pleaſe.

D A P H N I S.

My Orchard's fenc'd with Quickſet Hedges round,
Where various Trees with various Fruits abound;

On

On bending Boughs the ruddy Apples glow,
The dulcet Plums afford a gloſſy Show;
The ſwelling Cluſters deck the mantling Vine,
And juicy Grapes in Sun-dy'd Purple ſhine;
The jetty Damſen and the mellow Pear,
And downy Peach enrich th' autumnal Year.
My Love can enter in, whene'er ſhe will,
Pick if ſhe like, and twenty Baſkets fill.

ALCON.

When Drums and Trumpets ſound the dire Alarms
Of dreadful War, and Soldiers call to Arms.
The panting Whore with unbecoming Grace,
Her Gallant follows with unequal Pace:
And if he fall by Doom of Battle ſlain,
'Tis 'gainſt her ſavage Nature to complain;
He's ſoon forgot, ſhe furbiſhes her Face,
And ſearches for another's looſe Embrace.

DAPHNIS.

The Country Laſs enjoys the wholeſome Air,
Secure from all the Thunderbolts of War,

Secure

Secure from Luxury and Hell-born Strife,
Calm, independent, leads an happy Life.

A L C O N.

Secure from ſervile Fear and abject Need,
On Nature's bounteous Gifts I chearful feed,
Sweet is the cooling Shade or ſunny Green,
Where I can play with my dear rural Queen.
Behold! I'm pelted by the wanton Fair,
She ſtruck me in the Forehead with a Pear,
Now ſkulks behind the Buſh and wiſhes I was there.
I know, ſhe loves me, ſhe ſo gently flies,
She can't deny it, if ſhe does, ſhe lies.

D A P H N I S.

Laſt Night I made a Preſent to my Love,
Of a young Pigeon and a Turtle-Dove,
And in return, to clear my doubtful Mind,
A Kiſs ſhe gave, and promis'd to be kind;

Then

Then fonder grew, and added lovelier Charms,
Hung round my Neck, and melted in my Arms.

A L C O N.

My Father left me a fine pleaſant Spot,
Of fruitful Land, and a well-builded Cot,
A meand'ring Riv'let thro' my Garden glides,
And ſhining Pebbles muſically chides.
I breed five hundred Lambkins ev'ry Year,
Of diff'rent Kinds a thouſand Fleeces ſhear;
To crown my glorious Happineſs in Life,
I'll have the charming *Ægle* for my Wife;
Ægle the fair, the gen'rous and the young,
Who ſoothes my Ear with her enchanting Tongue;
Her Honey Words admit of no Controul,
But charm my Heart and warble thro' my Soul:
Her Nectar flowing Breath the wand'ring Breeze,
Will ſtop to catch, to ſcent the diſtant Trees.
If Venus ſmile and Hymen join our Hands,
To-morrow ſhall be ty'd the Nuptial Bands;

Unbroken

Unbroken Bands until reſiſtleſs Death,
Shall come and ſummon one or t'other's Breath.
A Bed's prepar'd againſt the bridal Night,
Softer than Down, and of a milky White;
Where we may lie in unmoleſted Eaſe,
Ourſelves with innocent Enjoyment pleaſe;
And when we're weary'd out with am'rous Play,
Then ſleep the ſmall Remains of Night away.

DAPHNIS.

When Love and Piety the Marriage bind,
The Man and Wife an innate Pleaſure find,
Hover'd beneath the downy Wings of Peace,
Their daily Toils their little Wealth increaſe;
They cannot reliſh their ſalubrious Fare,
Except at Meal-time they together are.
If the propitious Deity ſhould ſhed,
A gen'rous Influence on their genial Bed,
A fine Offspring their Marriage-State will grace,
The new Foundation for a future Race.
What Joy to Parents! Oh what charming Shew!
When in their Child they can each other View.

But

But if fell Jealóuſy trepan the Heart,
She rends the ſacred Nuptial Bands apart,
Raiſes an Hell, and fires without Controul,
The deep Receſſes of th' internal Soul:
As factious Fools, when deaf to Honour's Call,
Thro' ſhameful Pride in endleſs Ruin fall;
So fall the jealous Man and jealous Wife,
O'erwhelm'd by Malice and enormous Strife;
Inſtead of Joys moſt woeful Cares ſucceed,
In planning Schemes to make each other bleed.

DAMON.

Oh! lovely Swains, now from your Singing ceaſe,
Let Envy die, and ever live in Peace.
Apollo and the Muſes heard your Pray'r,
And gave you Aid, and they united are.
Your Songs are pleaſing and ſo well agree,
That *Pan* himſelf the Pref'rence can't decree.
Go count your Flocks, and haſtily prepare
To pen your Folds, and end your daily Care.
The Ev'ning ruſhes down with Twilight grey,
And hurries the departing Sun away.

PASTORAL IV.

LYCORIS AND AMYNTAS.

LYCORIS.

AMYNTAS, oh! the Days contract apace,
The Sun advances on his wintry Race,
Barren and bare, the Groves and Fields appear,
'Tis the ſad Seaſon of the rolling Year.
Orion chaces down th' ethereal Plain;
The flying Pleiads to the liquid Main.
By Fits the pallid Moon illumes the Night,
By Fits the Stars produce a twinkling Light,
By Fits thro' Clouds the racking Tempeſts ſweep,
Which muſt deſtroy my charming Flock of Sheep.
Hail-ſtones and Sleet the boiſt'rous Monarch forms,
And opens wide his Magazine of Storms.

Down

Down ev'ry Hill with unreſiſted Sway,
The roaring Torrents force the Rocks away;
The Waters foam and float in Eddies round,
And make a Sea of all the nether Ground.
Laſt Night I watch'd my tender falling Lambs,
Which now can't ſtand to ſuck their milky Dams;
Their Limbs are numb'd, yet ſtill they ſtrive to riſe,
Behold! one yonder drops away and dies,
Behold! ſix more in the ſame Manner fall,
This rigid Time will ſurely kill 'em all.
The Profit's gone of all my woolly Care,
Was ever Swain o'erwhelm'd in ſuch Deſpair!

AMYNTAS.

Thy Trouble's great, but not a Whit like mine;
Let yonder Ram bleed at *Apollo's* Shrine,
Invoke the God with ſtrong and fervent Pray'r,
T'avert the Storms and bring the Weather fair,
The God a ſolemn Off'ring will receive,
And from theſe direful Storms thy Flock relieve.

For my ſore Grief I ne'er ſhall find a Cure,
Which I repining cannot long endure:
Reſiſtleſs Death my *Laura* ſeiz'd laſt Night,
Whoſe lovely Soul betook a ſpeedy Flight,
And left her beauteous Body in Decay,
A lifeleſs Lump of quick-diſſolving Clay.
Soon as I heard her laſt expiring Groan,
My Heart grew colder than a Marble Stone;
Myſelf I loſt, reſign'd awhile my Breath,
And ſeem'd with her to ſink in Arms of Death!
When I reviv'd, my Tears began to flow,
And following Sighs expreſs'd the ſaddeſt Woe.
No Sleep will ever ſeal my weary'd Eyes,
Freſh bleeding Wounds from my ſick Soul ariſe,
No more to me my fleecy Flock's a Care,
A greater Loſs has brought the worſt Deſpair.
Fair *Laura's* dead, who had the ſweeteſt Charms,
She comes no more to my deſiring Arms.
Be kind, ye Muſes, and aſſiſt the Song,
That flows all plaintive from my doleful Tongue.
As Nought my Grief to conquer can avail,
Let me harmonious my dear Love bewail;
Thro' pathleſs Woods I'll wander all alone,
My Eyes are weak, I ſicken at the Sun.

Relentleſs

Relentleſs Fate hath doom'd me e'er to mourn,
Uncomfortable, reſtleſs and forlorn.
Let all the Naiads Cypreſs Garlands bring,
Let all the Naiads fun'ral Dirges ſing,
Let all the Naiads round fair *Laura's* Bier,
Sigh, ſob and pour the ſympathetic Tear.
No more fair *Laura*, 'neath the ſhady Vine,
Mixes her lovely pliant Limbs with mine.
Not Primroſes that deck the early Year,
Nor Cowſlip Bells that beautiful appear,
Nor Tulips with their lofty-tow'ring Creſts,
Nor Lilies with their charming Snow-white Breaſts,
Nor Purple Vi'lets that ſo ſweetly blow,
Nor Roſes that *Aurora's* Luſtre glow,
Nor fine Sweet-Williams dreſs'd in Crimſon Hue,
Nor fragant Thyme that ſcents the falling Dew,
With all the Flow'rs that grace the enamell'd Mead,
And widely round Ambroſial Odours ſpread,
Will charm my Sight, or give a pleaſing Scent,
While I ſuch endleſs Grief and Anguiſh vent.

To

To me the earthly Bleſſings grow in vain,
Fair *Laura's* gone, ah! ne'er to come again.
Oft have I heard her ſing ſo very clear,
With pleaſing Melody to charm the Ear,
That Flocks and Herds would all around her throng,
And chearful liſten to her warbling Song.
The airy Choriſters unnumber'd fled,
And ſeem'd to ſettle on her beauteous Head.
E'en *Philomel* learn'd from her heav'nly Lay,
To glad with ſweeter Notes the glorious *May*.
The running Streams would ſtop their Courſe the while,
The Foreſts dance, and all Creation ſmile;
Muſic no more can charm my raviſh'd Ear,
Fair *Laura's* Death calls forth the tender Tear;
No more my fleecy Flocks the verdant Plain,
With Pleaſure browze and give the yearly Gain;
No more my Cows with Milk their Dugs diſtend,
(Which 'twixt their Legs a pond'rous Load depend)
My careful *Laura's* largeſt Pail to fill,
Who'd milk 'em clean and not a Drop beſpill;

No more the buſy artful Bees contrive,
To pave with waxen Floor the curious Hive,
To ſpoil the Flow'rs of balmy Juices roam,
And fill with Nectar-Sweets the Honey-Comb;
The choiceſt Food will not my *Laura* pleaſe,
Nor Virgin's Honey give her Stomach Eaſe;
The Loſs of her I ever ſhall deplore,
To Duſt ſhe's gone, I ne'er ſhall ſee her more;
Tho' Winter Froſts the Garden's Pride decay,
And Party-colour'd Beauties fade away;
Yet when the Spring returns with foſt'ring Gale,
The Flowers revive, and new-born Scents exhale;
The Trees are cloth'd with Leaves of verdant Hue,
And ſpacious Walks their annual Dreſs renew;
The awful Empreſs of the ſable Night,
Waxes and wanes in Turn her Silver Light;
For when ſhe hath perform'd her proper Courſe,
The Sun relumes her with enliv'ning Force;
But we the Glory of Creation's Race,
With Reaſon bleſt, and with ſuperior Grace,
Firſt bloom, then flouriſh, and at length decline,
And to victorious Death our Lives reſign.

Not

Not the moſt gallant Hero can withſtand,
The pow'rful Stroke of Death's relentleſs Hand,
Tho' once he captive led the fighting Brave,
Himſelf goes Captive to th' impris'ning Grave;
Unranſom'd, unrepriev'd, he leaves the Light,
To ſleep oblivious an eternal Night;
Since *Laura's* gone—the deareſt Part of me—
Nipp'd in her Bloom by cruel Deſtiny—
I beg that Death—(the Wretch's laſt Relief)
Would ſtrike me next, and end my tort'ring Grief.
That Time may not efface my lovely Dear,
And Strangers be amaz'd that wander here,
Deſcend, ye Heav'ns, in fertilizing Show'rs,
And on her Grave call forth the choiceſt Flow'rs;
Let Amaranths adorn the beauteous Scene,
Sweet ſmelling Shrubs of never-fading Green;
Her Epitaph I'll cut with careful Hand,
On all the Trees that grace the neighb'ring Land;
The Glory of her Sex here Laura lies!
Whoſe Beauty fled Amyntas' raviſh'd Eyes.

LYCORIS.

LYCORIS.

Grieve now no more, but peaceful draw thy
Breath,
And drop th' unpleaſing diſmal Tale of Death.
Altho' her Body's waſting now away,
Her Soul enjoys an ever-ſhining Day:
Methinks I ſee her with new Glory riſe,
The Planets Rival in cerulean Skies.
Go! heal thy ſicken'd Heart with balmy Sleep,
While I attend upon my harmleſs Sheep;
When we ſhall opportunely meet again,
I hope to ſee a redivived Swain,
My Lambs—grown ſtronger, and a pleaſant Day,
And then we'll pipe and ſing the jovial Lay.

AN ELEGY ON THE Death of my FATHER,

Who died ſuddenly by himſelf at SHALDEN, near ALTON, in HANTS.

On Auguſt the 10th, 1765,

At which Time I was afflicted with a very violent Fever.

WHAT diſmal Grief! what Sorrows ſeiz'd my Soul!
When doleful News deceiv'd my liſt'ning Ear,
Of Death's invading him without Controul,
And I not there to pour a filial Tear.

While

While I laid indiſpos'd upon my Bed,
Pierc'd dreadfully by *Febris'* painful Dart,
My throbbing Breaſt with keeneſt Anguiſh bled,
For Fear that Fame had terrify'd his Heart.

Words I can't find ſo matchleſs to diſplay,
What anxious Care his tender Soul o'erweigh'd,
Dreading that I ſhould hapleſs run aſtray,
Leave him and Godlike Virtue diſobey'd.

Oft have we labour'd with aſſiduous Toil,
Th' alternate Seaſons of the rolling Year,
To cultivate th' uncertain fruitful Soil,
On ſultry Days the Harveſt Product ſhear.

Oppreſſive Troubles patient he ſuſtain'd,
By cruel Knaves defrauded of his Right,
To ſeek Revenge his righteous Soul diſdain'd,
And Inj'ry held in uttermoſt Deſpight.

Can I forebear to ſing with plaintive Lay?
Can I forebear to ſigh, to ſob and mourn?
With that alone can I his Love repay,
And ſolemnly lament his Death forlorn.

Oh! if I'd catch'd his lateſt dying Breath,
Oh! if I'd view'd his pale ſtruck deareſt Face,
With him I'd ſuffer'd ſeeming Pains of Death,
And Floods of Tears had trickl'd down apace.

Why ſhould I longer dolefully repine?
His lovely Soul betook her lofty Flight,
To ſing eternal Harmony divine,
In heav'nly Glory and Abyſs of Light!

AN

AN
ANACREONTIC ODE.

WHEN fair *Delia* firſt I view'd,
Who my ſtubborn Soul ſubdu'd,
To o'ercome enchanting Love,
'Gainſt her peerleſs Charms I ſtrove:
But ſhe ſtruck with ſuch Surprize
Dazzling more and more my Eyes.
Soon enraptur'd I became,
Struggling with th' enamour'd Flame,
And impatient to prepare,
And embrace the lovely Fair,
Undeny'd I gave a Kiſs,
Panting for the t'other Bliſs.
Oh! could I adjuſt my Lays,
I'd proportionate her Praiſe,

In

In inimitable Verſe,
Her pre-eminence rehearſe,
Faireſt of the fairer Train,
Venus' Rival on the Plain:
So ſhe ſeem'd when I ſurvey'd,
While the wanton Cupids play'd
Round her ſweet perſuaſive Face,
Brighten'd with ſuperior Grace.
Her fine jetty flowing Hair,
Was as ſoft as ſhe was fair;
Brighter ſhone her ſparkling Eyes,
Than Stars that deck th' azure Skies;
Her Ivr'y Front turn'd ſo fine,
Look'd remarkably divine;
Her charming Cheeks Roſy-Red,
Far excell'd *Aurora's* Head.
Beautiful her Teeth were row'd,
And Ambroſial Odours flow'd,
From her Lips of Coral Dye,
Thro' which never paſs'd a Lye.

While I gazing wiſh'd to reſt,
On her alabaſter Breaſt,
She diſſolv'd in liquid Air
And forſook me in Deſpair.

AQUA-

AQUAFORTIS:

A POEM.

The Miſcreant from Obſcureneſs I'll fetch out,
Like ſentenc'd Felons, to be dragg'd about;
Torn, mangled, and expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
I mean to hang, and gibbet up his *Name.*

OLDHAM.

HEAR me, Oh! hear me, ye celeſtial Nine,
Your humble Poet, at your holy Shrine;
Whoſe Prieſt I am, and by whoſe glorious Grace,
A Branch of Laurel decks my downy Face:
While you aſſiſt, while you inſpire my Soul,
No venal Critics ſhall my Mind controul.
Teach me, Oh! teach me, in my early Youth,
Virtue to love, and ſeek the Paths of Truth;

Teach

Teach me, Oh! teach me my ownſelf to know,
And ſhun the Follies of a ſelf-proud Beau;
Teach me to ſing with ſatirizing Rhimes,
And laſh the Vices of flagitious Times.
I know 'tis far repugnant to your Will,
To ſee your Poet in a Diſhabille;
You love that he ſhould get exalted Praiſe,
In more delightſome and enchanting Lays,
And wing his Flight like tuneful Larks that riſe,
In grey Morning; and reach his kindred Skies.
But ſince enormous Vice corrupts the Age,
And Juſtice calls for Satire's ſtinging Page,
Like *Aquafortis* let my Verſes gnaw,
Th' inhuman Heart, and to Repentance draw
The Wicked—Oh! let ev'ry poignant Word,
Stab deeper than the ſharpeſt piercing Sword.
When the brave Poet's Vice's galling Foe,
The Poet is a little God below.
His awful Pen employ'd in Virtue's Cauſe,
Strikes him with Dread that diſregards her Laws;
Soon as he reads a Verſe, or hears it read,
He finds his own Impiety diſplay'd,

A Boſom War begins to rage apace,
A guilty Conſcience opens in his Face.
His troubled Soul is ſtung with keen Remorſe,
All Nature ſickens at the Poet's Force;
Thus I proceed, rouz'd by a noble Flame,
To puniſh Vice and challenge all my Fame.
I don't compound with ſhameleſs guilty Men,
For paltry Gold to proſtitute my Pen,
And conſecrate abominable Crimes;
Truth ſpeaks my Tongue, and honeſt are my Rhimes:
I paint the Villain's Guilt for public View,
This goodly Taſk with Vengeance I purſue:
Can I forbear? when I ſee ev'ry Day,
All human Race in a degen'rate Way.
He's the beſt Man, who gets moſt often drunk,
And dances on his Knee his naſty Punk;
Virtue's repell'd—Vice bears the lordly Sway,
Thoſe moſt commended who the Fool can play.
Sundays more ſanctify'd th' affected Beau,
Dreſs'd like a Monkey at a Puppet-Show,
Struts on to Church to gape about and ſtare,
To be admir'd, but not to ſay one Pray'r.

Homage

Homage he craves from ev'ry Fool he meets,
But I deride him, as he walks the Streets.
Unknown to Wiſdom, badly known to Fame,
He forces Folly to procure a Name;
Highly conceited, inſolent and proud,
The gaudieſt Idol in the lowlieſt Crowd,
Abſurd and hyperbolically dull,
T' expoſe the Jargon of his frantic Scull,
He calls ignoble Talents Excellence,
And honours with Encomiums Impudence.
To be thought bright and ſtudiouſly inclin'd,
With petty Lore he cultivates his Mind,
And reads Giles Gingerbread and Tommy Thumb,
To tell their Adventures talks himſelf 'moſt dumb:
As when a Magpie in the blooming Spring,
When Goldfinches and Thruſhes 'gin to ſing,
His Throat diſcloſes with a chatt'ring Tongue,
And marrs the Muſick of their warbling Song,
So thus he marrs with bad ſuperfluous Words,
All the good Senſe Society affords.

LIBIDINUS

Libidinus, unman'd in the first Stage
Of vig'rous Youth, now doles away his Age,
Bewails and moans the Cruelty of Fate,
And damns the Wretchedness of Marriage State.
His Lady arrogates despotic Sway,
Withdraws at Night, and maunders all the Day.
She sternly bids him at his Peril dare,
To step beyond his Limits stated—*there*—
So like a Bird that's in a Cage confin'd,
He cannot wag—tho' otherwise inclin'd——
His Bastard Heir he dandles on his Knee,
And if he sees the Father—dares not see——
Abundant Riches aggravate his Curse,
He Starves in Plenty—Madam keeps the Purse:
She buys the best of Clothes, the best of Lace,
And spares no Cost to varnish o'er her Face;
When He, poor Fool, a shabby Garment wears,
And vilely rich a menial Slave appears.
Despis'd by all he loaths the solar Light,
And deep Remorse expels his Sleep at Night;
For if he tempts to'approach his Madam's Room,
He knows at once his miserable Doom.

She

She bids him keep at Diſtance from her Bed;
With Vengeance hurls the Piſs-Pot at his Head;
His ſapleſs Body damns, and whining Voice,
And wiſhes ſhe had made an ableſt Choice;
Then from her Room he tremblingly retreats,
Submitting tamely to her awful Threats.
His Madam loves a forcible Embrace,
A ſtout Gallant ſupplies his vacant Place,
To propagate the Baſtard-ſqualling Train,
Which his conſuming Treaſures muſt maintain.
To all that know in Comfort how to dwell,
A Cuckold's Life muſt ſeem on Earth, in Hell.

Th' aſpiring PRIEST lives deſtitute of Reſt,
When Pride and Av'rice haunt his *hollow* Breaſt;
No Time for Scripture-Learning he can ſpare,
To get Preferment that's his daily Care;
He leaves his ign'rant Flock to go aſtray—
And what is more—He ſhews himſelf the way—
To feed on Turtle he'll with Scoundrels dine,
And pledge a Miſcreant with a Glaſs of Wine.
To curry Favour in his Lordſhip's Eye,
He'll cringe, he'll creep, he'll flatter, fawn, and lie;

And if his hum'rous Lordſhip chance to joke,
And ſneer Religion as a galling Yoke;
Or recommend Rebellion's Ruffian Way,
And loud exclaim againſt a Monarch's Sway;
Then ev'ry wily Sycophant t' outvie,
He'll damn his Monarch, and his God deny;
Treaſon and Blaſphemy he bold affirms,
Are acted both on honourable Terms:
And tho' he follows ſuch a wicked Plan,
He wou'd be thought a venerable Man.
His prudiſh Face and gravely-leering Eyes,
To ſome his hypocritic Heart diſguiſe:
But Phyſiognomiſts can plainly trace,
The bitter Marks of infamous Diſgrace.
Yet he attracts his Lordſhip's great Regard,
And meets at Length with a two-fold Reward;
A Benefice to pamper up his Pride,
A caſt-off Madam for an *holy* Bride.
His Lordſhip now-a-days is thought more great,
If he maintains a Miſs at coſtly Rate:
But when ſhe grows a little hollow'd Ey'd,
And three ſmall Wrinkles thro' her Forehead glide,

Her

Her Looks offend, and loathſome's her Embrace,
A younger Madam muſt ſupply her Place;
His Lordſhip then to calm her boiſt'rous Mind,
(For Whores roar louder than the Northern Wind)
Makes her at once a *very honeſt* Wife,
To put an End to all malicious Strife;
And crown her Bliſs in her declining Days,
With one that thinks but little, tho' he prays;
When Whore and Prieſt are join'd *it muſt* be well,
Nay if they go the ready Road to Hell.

Few Nobles now the Sciences explore,
Encourage Merit as in Times of Yore;
The Indigent from them find no Relief,
They'd ſooner laugh to ſee 'em die with Grief.
The Poet now is no *Mecænas'* Care,
To entertain with hoſpitable Fare;
To Poetry *Mecænas* pay'd Regard,
And noble Merit met with due Reward:
As foſt'ring *Sol*, with his enliv'ning Ray,
Bids tim'rous Buds ſalute the vernal Day;

So

So dawning Verſe *Mecænas* bade diſcloſe,
Its ſhining Luſtre like the full-blown Roſe.
Mecænas gain'd a great immortal Name,
But filthy Dreamers get immortal Shame.
Was *Sappho* now to tune her am'rous Lyre,
She e'en muſt ſtarve, or let her Tail to hire.
Alas! how ſtrange, yet not ſo ſtrange as juſt,
I'm forc'd to tell, but 'tis with great Diſguſt;
In England the ſublimeſt Authors die,
In gen'ral merely thro' Neceſſity.
Spencer and *Shakeſpear* in a lofty Strain
Delightful ſung in great *Eliza's* Reign;
But ſtudying Policy to great Exceſs,
She ſuffer'd Bards to labour in Diſtreſs.
The gracious Monarch, *once* to ſtarving *Ben*,
Ten Guineas ſent, to recompenſe his Pen.
Charles to Compoſures pay'd ſo ſmall Regard,
The beſt of Writers met with no Reward.
Sage *Butler* was intolerably poor,
And forced to beg his Bread from Door to Door;
To Noblemen 'twas an extreme Diſgrace,
And how much more to one of Royal Race.

Bright

Bright *Lee* and *Otway*, in that ſhameful Age,
Wrote meritorious and adorn'd the Stage:
Unhappy both! diſtracted mad ran *Lee!*
Otway was ſtarv'd—a diſmal Sight to ſee!
Tho' *Dryden* was of Bards and Critics Head,
Neceſſity drove on his Pen for Bread:
Yet *Charles* to him a competent Supply
Oft promis'd, but with falſe Solemnity,
And wilfully forgetting what he ſaid,
He left great *Dryden's* nobleſt Worth unpaid:
Benevolence for ever ſlipt his Mind,
To rankeſt Harlots he was moſt inclin'd.
Theſe Times are rather worſe, for Ideots plead
To be well learn'd, altho' they never read;
Rake-hell turns Critic, Hypocrite divine,
With theſe a thouſand paltry Scribblers join.
Dull Noveliſts, to pleaſe th' affected Fool,
Of ſacred Truth make a mere Ridicule.
Raſh *Ogilvo* exerts his utmoſt Care,
To build with Grandeur Caſtles in the Air;
Whoſe allegorical and bloated Style,
Wants to be poliſh'd with *Quintilian's* File.

Prieſtlo's urg'd on by growling Appetite,
To hold impartial Laws in fell Deſpite.
He ruſhes forth to ſtir up dire Debate,
To ruin Church and Government and State;
Still finding Fault of what he cannot mend,
His Writings ev'ry honeſt Sage offend,
With Controverſy ſhamefully perplext,
What he prints one Day, he condemns the next.
Thro' Juſtice to a vi'lent Paſſion wrought,
I damn the Raſcal's ev'ry wicked Thought.
The wretched, vicious ſcandalizing H—
The Gown's Diſgrace, and Holy Reaſon's Scorn,
Inſtead of feeding his neglected Flock,
And adding Learning to his barren Stock,
Gallops apace on Faction's Hackney Horſe,
Thro' thick and thin—a rocky dangerous Courſe!
He keeps the Road of Roguery in View,
And bids to King and Loyalty adieu.
The Oath of true Allegiance firſt to take,
And then that Oath of true Allegiance break,
Muſt be allow'd an ample Step to Hell;
The darkeſt Dungeon ſeems a neighb'ring Cell,

Where

Where ev'ry factious Scoundrel ought to bide,
Who does his King and Piety deride.
Junius reſorts to Envy's baneful Cave
To dip his Pen, his Majeſty t' enſlave;
The Nation to a wild Uproar excite,
And utterly deſtroy imperial Right.
None but the Devil can ſuch Thoughts ſuggeſt,
And load with direful Rage his ranc'rous Breaſt;
A gen'rous and illuſtrious King t' abuſe,
And due Allegiance ſtubbornly refuſe.
What can he think e'en Goodneſs to condemn,
Betray his Conſcience and his God blaſpheme?
Has he no Notion of a future State,
That he ne'er thinks of good or bitter Fate?
Does he believe the World by Chance was made,
That he purſues the moſt abandon'd Trade?
Does he not know the Caſualty of Life,
That he ſo dares the boiſt'rous Waves of Strife?
Cromwell by him will ſurely be outvy'd,
Cromwell, that hypocritic Regicide,
Who practis'd Villainy unparallell'd,
When the moſt noble Saint-like *Charles* was quell'd.

One might adviſe, but his enormous Pride,
Has launch'd him far in the Tartarean Tide:
Methinks on Treaſon's Rock I ſee him wreck,
His injur'd King may juſtly claim his Neck;
But ſince the King, inimitably kind,
No more regards him than a Puff of Wind,
Let him with Gladneſs eye the neareſt Strand,
And while he may recover ſaving Land,
Never attempt a dang'rous Voy'ge again,
But always in a private Room remain,
And drown his Vices with repentant Tears,
And deep Bewailings, and continual Pray'rs;
Then o'er and o'er his proper Nature ſcan,
And learn from Reaſon that he ſhould be Man.

Poor Fanatics with Faction load the Preſs,
And hector on with vicious Emptineſs,
On ſlipp'ry Icy Fortune ſtagg'ring ſtand,
And turn their Eyes from Virtue's Holy Land:
For they, o'er fond of popular Applauſe,
Inſult the King and trample on the Laws;
But baſely wicked, without Wit or Senſe,
A Priſon ought to be their Recompence.

Hiſto-

Hiſtorians write intolerable Lies,
Applaud the Vicious, and degrade the Wiſe,
Pedantic Fools to Learning make Pretence,
Devoid of Reaſon, deſtitute of Senſe;
The Grecian and the Roman Authors ſpoil,
Diſguiſe their Beauties in a doggrel Style,
And vig'rouſly their ſapleſs Brains exert,
To bury genuine Gold in Engliſh Dirt.

When *Codrus* ſet to work his addled Pate,
The Prince of Greek Tragedians to tranſlate,
He both in Engliſh and in Greek unſkill'd,
His Work in Language myſtical fulfill'd.
No Sighs ſteal out from the learn'd Reader's Heart,
No tender Tears his weeping Eyes impart;
Bending his Brow he ſkrews a ſneering Smile,
And then begins the Murd'rer to revile.
Was *Sophocles* to riſe, 'twould make him mad,
To ſee the Murder and Abuſe ſo bad.
So *Codrus*, with the Devil's Impudence,
Has ſhameleſs publiſh'd Excrements of Senſe.

This

This Greek Profeſſor (a ſpecific Name
Too oft conferr'd t' enlarge a Dunce's Fame)
Muſt be confeſs'd the College's Diſgrace,
The laſt in Learning, tho' the firſt in Place:
Let him go on freſh Ingorance purſue,
And write the azure Skies of dirty Hue.
While I aloft on Pegaſean Wing,
My rambling Thoughts in wild Diſorder ſing,
Thro' which ſhines Truth conſpicuouſly divine,
I deviate far from Flatt'ry's fulſome Shrine.

Malignantly pedantic *Labeo* made,
A mighty Fuſs great *Dryden* to degrade;
Not knowing what to praiſe, nor what to blame,
And tott'ring on his bad connected Frame,
He warr'd with ſterling Wit, and tortur'd Senſe,
And Fuſtian wrote in Dulneſs's Defence.
His Character's in ev'ry Quarter born,
Th' Inſipid's Idol and the Sapient's Scorn.
From ev'ry Dunce's Works he firſt compil'd
Cenſorious Notes, a Critic's Name defil'd;
Then made in Poetry a vain Eſſay,
And ran in Fancy's 'wild'ring Maze aſtray,

And

And eager to expoſe his leaden Skull,
Diſplay'd a Genius exquiſitely dull;
Great *Virgil* he diſguis'd in flimſy Lines,
Whoſe Beauties in illuſtrious *Dryden* ſhines.
Who can but rev'rence *Dryden's* awful Name,
While *Labeo* full appears his Country's Shame;
Had he known Greek, had he *Longinus* read,
He ne'er could have ſuch Pedantry diſplay'd,
As *Dryden's* genuine wiſdom to defame,
Degrade the Worth of that immortal Name,
Affectedly profeſs a Critic's Skill,
With helliſh Rancour, and with horrid Will;
Nature's moſt glorious Son to undermine,
Add Fault to Fault, and not one Word refine.
Inſtead of Friends he got unnumber'd Foes,
Subſtantial Reaſon vilely to oppoſe;
His brain-ſick Noddle can't produce a Line,
In any Singularity to ſhine:
Impatient his abandon'd Fame to raiſe,
He Frenchman-like promulgated Self-Praiſe.
His Vanity was lucky, for he got
Firſt Uſher made, then fell the Maſter's Lot;

Now

Now great in Pow'r, and trammell'd to Degrees
Proud of his Place (but prouder of his Fees)
He wields a Birchen Sceptre in his Hand,
Diſtinguiſhable Mark of ſtrict Command,
Views tim'rous Scholars with a dire Grimace;
The tim'rous Scholars tremble at his Face;
Who, if perchance, ſhould blunder out good Senſe,
A bitter Flogging is their Recompence.
To Wit and Reaſon he was ne'er inclin'd,
O'erbalanc'd by a chol'ric fretful Mind;
At *College* Greek and Latin once was taught,
The Scholar's Mind with ſoundeſt Learning fraught;
But when this Dunce would ſhew a Poet's Fire,
He ſinks down-right, and wallows in the Mire;
He damns thoſe Lines which meltingly appear,
And force th' unwilling ſympathetic Tear;
Lines that muſt penetrate the hardeſt Heart,
And make the Stoic with Compaſſion ſmart;
Lines that muſt drive from ſcornful Virgins Reſt,
And warm to Love the coldeſt Lover's Breaſt.

He

He damns the musical and rural Lay,
That paints the Fields and Skies in rich Array;
The lively hum'rous Scenes in Comic Strain,
Which make the sicken'd Soul revive again.
Shall he rob *Dryden* of his just Renown,
Tear from his awful Brow the Laurel Crown?
Shall *Dryden* die with all his Beauties lost,
Like a Ship wreck'd by roaring Billows tost?
No: *Dryden* still shall live with just Renown,
Wear on his awful Brow the Laurel Crown;
While *Labeo* stands recorded in my Rhimes,
His Country's Scandal to succeeding Times.
Oh! when this modern *oilus* strikes my Eyes,
Methinks I see thick Clouds of Dulness rise,
Which totally eclipse the lucid Rays;
And stigmatize him worthy of Dispraise.
Let him go on with pedantizing Rules,
Make tiny Brats grow up accomplish'd Fools,
Flavius rival, if possibly he can,
The dullest Master on the dullest Plan;
Who learns poor giddy Boys to scrape and nod,
To draw *Troy-Town*, and play at even and odd.

While I aloft on Pegaſean Wing,
My rambling Thoughts in wild Diſorder ſing,
Thro' which ſhines Truth conſpicuouſly divine,
I deviate far from Flatt'ry's fulſome Shrine.

Kate, inſtituted from her early Youth,
The moſt abandon'd Foe to ſacred Truth,
Heedleſs of Candor, Government and Shame,
Thro' Calumny purſues the Bubble Fame,
And ſtrives with dev'liſh Hiſtory to make,
The Nation's firmeſt ſtrongeſt Pillars ſhake.
What ſhe embelliſhes with lively Style,
She ſadly ſullies with ill-natur'd Guile.
Her Reaſon woes, but woes without Succeſs,
Her Parts are all abus'd the Wiſe confeſs.
With ſtubborn Pride and ignominious Luſt,
She wages War with venerable Duſt;
King *Charles's* chaſteſt Merit to debaſe,
Pollutes her with indelible Diſgrace.
She hates the Senate, damns a righteous Cauſe,
Beſlaves the Judge, and violates the Laws;
The Lord's Anointed baſely ſhe ſets by,
And puſhes for a State of Anarchy:

Conſcious,

Conſcicious, ſhe's of that weak neglected Sex,
Which very ſeldom claſhing Chains perplex,
She ſcribbles Treaſon in an high Degree,
And couches Vice with Name of Liberty.
Her infamous hiſtoric Page may pleaſe
Some factious Knaves to read an Hour at Eaſe,
Which Truth-Enquirers really muſt diſdain,
And wiſh deep-bury'd in the liquid Main.
Since ſhe the Path of Virtue never knew,
She muſt be deem'd one of the Devil's Crew;
For a ſad vicious Heart and wily Pate
Make half a Devil, and ſuch is our *Kate!*
To mention more is idly ſpending Time,
For ſhe's below the Dignity of Rhime.
Let her go on and be the publick Scorn,
And write falſe Hiſtories on Babes unborn;
While I aloft on Pegaſean Wing,
My rambling Thoughts in wild Diſorder ſing,
Thro' which ſhines Truth conſpicuouſly divine,
I deviate far from Flatt'ry's fulſome Shrine.

H—e

H——e bluſters on with wild demoniac Rage,
And ſtains unparallell'd th' enormous Page,
With Lies notorious a much larger Score,
Than e'er the baſeſt Villain penn'd before.
For infamous Contexture he's renown'd,
Throughout the whole no Character is found,
Drawn perfect on a meritorious Plan,
To repreſent the worſt or goodlieſt Man.
He ſcandalizes, miſapplies Applauſe,
Condemns the Righteous and inverts the Laws;
E'en *Dryden's* injur'd by his ſland'ring Pen,
Dryden the brighteſt, wiſeſt, beſt of Men,
Who'll glorious ſhine with honourable Fame,
When he's forgot, or damn'd to laſting Shame.
Riſe Muſes, with ſeverer Fury riſe,
This Infidel Omnipotence defies;
Chriſtianity he ſtruggles to diſgrace,
And ſap Religion from its ſolid Baſe;
Preſumptuouſly dares weave the blackeſt Theme,
Debaſe God's Service, and his Son blaſpheme.
No Conſcience penetrates his harden'd Breaſt,
No thinking intervenes of heav'nly Reſt;

He

He worldly ſtanch Repentance lays aſide,
Upholds his Lewdneſs and his ſurly Pride.
Oh! when the Time approaches him to die,
His tim'rous Heart will ſhudder, ſob and ſigh;
His weak Eyes ſicken at the dazzling Light,
His Soul be ſeized with horrible Affright,
At Death's Approach with darkeſt Shades of Night.

Him I adviſe from Wickedneſs to turn,
Sorely repent, and all his Writings burn;
The LORD is gracious, merciful to all,
The Sinner hears, if he for Mercy call,
Folly and Cowardiſe compleat an Aſs,
Some may for Deiſts, ſome for Atheiſts paſs,
Some for bad Maſters, ſome for faithleſs Slaves,
For Lechers ſome, and ſome for ſubtle Knaves;
Some are compounded of both Good and Evil;
But he's malicious and all over Devil.
If he won't turn, let him with Sinners dwell,
And write Encomiums on tremendous Hell!
While I aloft on Pegaſean Wing,
My rambling Thoughts in wild Diſorder ſing,

Thro'

Thro' which ſhines Truth conſpicuouſly divine,
I deviate far from Flatt'ry's fulſome Shrine.

Dare Poets ſing in this malignant Age,
When mawling Pedants with Fly-Rancour rage?
Who ev'ry Author's Merit ſtigmatize,
And void of Learning fain would criticiſe;
Glaring with Infamy good Works diſpraiſe,
And rack a Syllable a thouſand Ways;
In Ambuſh lurking ſlily vent their Spleen,
I boldly challenge all the Clan unſeen.
Muſt all good Authors before Dulneſs' Throne,
Be judg'd by theſe confed'rate Fools alone?
Shall theſe Wit-Scourgers 'ſcape the Pen of Gall,
Which paints the Vices of their guilty Hall?
Where ſprightly Turns of Wit give ſure Offence,
They ſicken at the Sight of ſolid Senſe:
Where Falſities in Hiſt'ry get Applauſe,
For Truth is Execution by their Laws:
Where Pedantry predominantly reigns,
And laviſhly commends the dulleſt Brains:
Where *Bubo's* ſeated grand, a firſt-rate Peer,
Who ſtruggles to tranſlate three Lines a Year:

Where

Where dull *Avaro*, for a little Pelf,
Praiſes the Rogue as wicked as himſelf;
Where Hell-born Vice Depravity maintains,
And labours with inimitable Pains,
Deviſing ſtill the moſt opprobrious Scheme,
To dark the Luſtre of a Sage's Theme:
Where Virtue ſheds no interpoſing Ray,
To light the Gloom, and give a little Day:
Where Dunces, Rogues and Scoundrels all convene,
And damn the Proſpect of a beauteous Scene.
If Bards perchance ſhould take a noble Flight,
And reach *Parnaſſus'* or *Olympus'* Height;
Then for Sublimity thoſe Bards they try,
And nervous flowing Verſes crucify.
A true Divine with Malice they condemn,
Scarce GOD acknowledge, but his Son blaſpheme;
An honeſt Stateſman execrate to Hell,
And praiſe him ſole that urges to rebel;
With dev'liſh Ardour (but in vain) contrive,
Philoſophers of Virtue to deprive;
Phyſicians cenſure all but thoſe who plead,
To kill the Living, and to raiſe the Dead,

Or

Or cure th' unſated Wives that long went barren,
And make 'em as fruitful as a Coney-Warren;
'Gainſt Wiſdom, Reaſon, Equity rebel,
And give Encomiums on the Praiſe of Hell.
Arithmetic they murder and combine
In adding up that eight and ſix make nine,
Or ſubtracting unanimous agree,
Four took from five, that the Remainder's three.
Of Mathematic Skill they feign a Share,
And take an Oval for a perfect Square;
In Architecture damn a curious Plan,
To blaſt the Credit of a ſtudious Man;
In Metaphyſicks ſolemnly declare,
An Aſs's Body's only fluid Air:
If Painters draw an Wolf with fell Grimace,
They vouch that Wolf has got an human Face.
Thus ev'ry Spark of Genius they decry,
And ev'ry Branch of Learning vilify.
Pleaſing to them no Accuracies appear,
For they'll diſframe the Seaſons of the Year;
When fanning Gales the yellow Harveſt blow,
They'll ſwear the Fields are whiten'd o'er with
Snow.

After much Toil *Mungo* perform'd at laſt
The dulleſt Work, exactly to their Taſte;
Soon as he brib'd they publickly declar'd,
That he with them an equal Dullneſs ſhar'd;
Whoſe languid Numbers quarter Wits deſpiſe,
And weep to ſee *a Poet in Diſguiſe.*
In manly *Churchill* nervous *Satire ſhines,*
Severely laſhing in harmonious Lines;
While *Churchill* diſregarding ſcorn'd to bribe,
Loathing th' Eulogiums of this ſorry Tribe;
He was convicted by their impious Law;
When the Judicious could not find a Flaw.
As *Priam* faintly ſent the deſtin'd Dart,
To pierce the mighty *Pyrrhus'* cruel Heart,
Which lazy fled and loiter'd in it's Courſe,
Scarce touch'd the Shield and ſpent its feeble
Force:
So faintly theſe dull Judges criticiſe,
With Giant-Pride attack the lofty Skies;
Harmleſs tho' mad, and tardy tho' in Haſte,
T' oppreſs a Genius of a genuine Taſte.
Theſe ſculking Oafs, perpetual Foes to Reſt,
Snarl at a Bard that ſucks his Mother's Breaſt;

And ſtruggling with a ſtupefactive Fit,
Judge always wrong, the Right they never hit.
I'd have 'em, if they can no Bus'neſs find,
Gather up Duſt and fling againſt the Wind,
Sooner than write their Names, aſham'd to own,
And baſely cry the *Literati* down;
Infringe on the moſt equitable Laws,
To gormandize and fill their hungry Maws;
Publiſh the ſickleſt Strokes of Vehemence,
And ſtock the Vulgar with their Want of Senſe;
Who for a Shilling ev'ry Month renew,
The Droſs of Skill in Critical Review.
To Cenſure, Brib'ry, and to Dullneſs Slaves,
They muſt be damn'd for execrable Knaves;
Let them go on with ſcurrilous Lampoon,
Attempt with waxen Wings to reach the Moon;
While I aloft on Pegaſean Wing,
My rambling Thoughts in wild diſorder ſing;
Thro' which ſhines Truth conſpicuouſly divine,
I deviate far from Flatt'ry's fulſome Srhine.

Who can but grieve to ſee Religion fail,
Hyprocriſy thro' all the Land prevail,

Sin

Sin mixt with Sin by Empirics of Hell?
Which by wholeſale and by retail they ſell.
This wicked Scheme firſt *Beelzebub* began,
Who's deem'd by Fools a very righteous Man;
He bade adieu to ev'ry Chriſtian Mode,
And boldly ſtruck into an unknown Road.
Other's t' Impiety he ſtrives t'entice,
The Devil's Nuncio, ſkill'd in ev'ry Vice,
With vile Enthuſiaſm roves from Place to Place,
Blaſphemes his God, and merchandizes Grace.
In Shoals tumultuous run the Vulgar Claſs,
To hear him bray like an *Arcadian* Aſs;
With foaming Mouth he thunders out his Lies,
Martyrs Scripture and Sanctity defies.
This Hypocrite dares holy Laws arraign,
The trueſt Worſhip of our God profane;
Tho' Blaſphemies a future Bliſs reject,
He with th' Apoſtles ſtyles himſelf th' Elect;
His Congregation robs with falſe Pretence
Of Charity, and feigns Benevolence.
With Money gather'd to relieve the Poor,
He ſtill increaſes his ill-gotten Store;

In vain to him for Alms the Poor apply,
Deaf to the Widow's and the Orphan's Cry.
The Devil influences his baſeſt Soul,
And ev'ry Day augments without Controul,
His curs'd Deſire t' apoſtatize the Mind,
And ruin all the Race of Human-Kind.
" His Sermon ended with pernicious Lies,
" Collect the Money at the Door, he cries ;
" For while my Hearers a good Tribute pay,
" I'll preach 'em true Salvation ev'ry Day,
" But if they prize their Wealth at greater Rate,
" I ſhall at once reſign 'em up to Fate."
His Flock no longer able to ſuſtain,
His Soul unſatisfy'd with ſordid Gain,
To quench his Thirſt he ſeeks a foreign Land,
And there exerts his abſolute Command ;
Learns thoſe to liſp Damnation at his Will,
Who ne'er before had heard of Good or Ill.
Theſe Wretches are made Proſelytes to Vice,
Decoy'd to buy it at the deareſt Price ;
He feignedly, t' immortalize his Fame,
And build a Temple to his *ſacred* Name,

Makes

Makes one Collection, the Foundation lies,
Then makes another and the Country flies.
No vicious Soul from him is ſanctify'd,
But bloated with Hypocriſy and Pride;
Altho' he dares to preach 'tis much more meet,
That he ſhould cleanſe a filthy dirty Street;
What Character can equalize his Deeds,
Who Ignominy to th' Extream exceeds?
I think him worſe (the Truth I always tell)
Than a Mahometan or Infidel.
With Equity for Nothing he can paſs,
But for the Devil or the Devil's Aſs;
Moloc obtains by ſuperſtitious Rage
A Benefice, when he deſerves the Cage;
Doubtful of Truth, and doubtful where to dwell,
He ſcarce believes an Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
For Novelties his Intellects devour,
And his Mind changes ſixty Times an Hour:
As when a tim'rous Hare the Hounds purſue,
And ſnuff the Scent that taints the Morning Dew,

Wearied

Wearied in Chace, not knowing where to run,
She ſeems deſpair'd a cruel Death to ſhun.
So *Moloc* ſeems amidſt an ignorant Throng,
Not knowing where he preaches right or wrong,
Sunk in Deſpair a Saviour he ſuſpends,
And damns his Audience 'fore his Sermon ends.
Ideots accoſt mad *Belial* as he goes
To Tabernacle with ſubmiſſion Bows,
Who full four Hours or more with ſtruggling Throat,
His hypocritic Doctrine turns afloat.
T' abuſe the Goſpel and at Virtue rail,
Can ſure o'er none but weakeſt Minds prevail?
The new-built Walls loud Acclamations ſhake,
For Fear his faithleſs Congregation quake;
He bluſters on precipitate in Thought,
Forgets his Subject and ſinks down to Nought.
The licens'd Vulgar in Aſſemblies meet,
And crowd the roomy Corner of the Street.
The Cobler, or the Taylor act a Prieſt,
And ev'ry Knave and Fool is Methodiſt;

But

But bilkt in Hope, and woeful in Deſpair,
Some beat their Breaſts, and others rend their
Hair;
Some hang themſelves—abominable Shame!
And die a Death the wretched Curſe of Fame.

The *Antinomian*'s Tongue runs vaſtly glib,
He learns the little Child to tell a Fib;
For Honeſty with him's of no Repute,
And there's no Sin he preaches abſolute;
Give him but Six-pence, he'll at once deny
That e'er the Sun ſhone in an azure Sky.
He malignly Chriſtianity reviles,
With crabbed Nonſenſe Poetry defiles,
Revokes his Doctrine in a weak Debate,
And doubts the Certainty of future State;
A Phyſiognomiſt may in his Face,
Diſcern the Marks of infamous Diſgrace;
The firm Eſtabliſhment of bad Decree,
For Murder, Cheating and Debauchery,
To break the Marriage-Tie he made an Act,
And with freſh lovely Maidens to contract,

Am'rous

Am'rous Intrigues with beatific Grace,
Nothing's ſo pious as a ſtol'n Embrace.
Fine Charms for this World here and for the next,
They are predeſtinated in his Text.
Let them go on with hypocritic Zeal,
And tim'rous Fools precipitate to Hell;
While I aloft on Pegaſean Wing,
My rambling Thoughts in wild Diſorder ſing;
Thro' which ſhines Truth conſpicuouſly divine,
I deviate far from Flatt'ry's fulſome Shrine.

Hail! all ye righteous Roman Cath'lics, hail!
Who can over Popes Prerogatives prevail?
Bluſh not to read my Panegyric Lays,
Not Hereticks, but heav'nly Saints I praiſe;
Who ſince *Johanna* with ſome Card'nal laid
Was with a holy Baſtard brought to Bed,
To obviate after-claps take greater Care,
And place your *Pappa* in a Porph'ry Chair;
After ſtrict Searching that ye find the *Groſs*,
Tunc dicite, habet Teſticulos.

Bliſs

Bliſs to procure you, fix your Faith and Hope,
On your infallible celeſtial Pope;
He (you believe) reigns in our Saviour's Place,
And opes the Gates of Pardon and of Grace;
His Words are undiſputed Orthodox,
He pardons Whoring and he cures the P—;
Makes his own Law, the Scripture Law rejects,
For giltt'ring Gold the vileſt Sin protects;
To Sale expoſes, with a venial Grace,
A Mother's, Siſter's, or a Maid's Embrace;
And licenſes (the Glutton to content)
To feed on Meat, and revel all the Lent.
The Prieſts, prohibited a Marriage-State,
May play the Whore in a clandeſtine Rate;
E'en when the ſacred Pope's in vig'rous Health,
He ſcruples not to get a Child by Stealth.
Confeſſors pardon, when the Bad confeſs,
And free their contrite Hearts from ſad Diſtreſs;
Reveal the hidden Myſt'ries, and explain
The full Extent of Satan's gloomy Reign;
How he burns Hereticks in crowding Shoals,
In hotteſt Flames of ſulph'rous burning Coals.

When Women enter their ſequeſter'd Room,
To purge themſelves and ſanctify the Doom,
Their Sins rubb'd off—ingeniouſly they try
The Arts of *Ovid* with an ogling Eye;
Behold their bluſhing Cheeks, then gently kiſs
Their coral Lips, allure the wiſh'd-for Bliſs;
Cloſer and cloſer preſs, 'till they comply
With their Deſires and reſupinely lie.
The Holy Friars Love-Intrigues enjoy,
Their carnal Luſts the Nunn'ry Virgins cloy:
They act in a two-fold Capacity,
In Prieſthood Connoiſſeurs, and Midwiv'ry.
Nine Months complete—the Virgins 'gin to moan,
The careful Friars ſilence ev'ry Groan;
Their Faults to hide, a *clever* Method take,
And Babes half-ſtrangl'd hurl in *drowny* Lake.
Your Inquiſition Doctrine's ſo refin'd,
It orders you damn'd Hereticks to bind
Faſt to the Croſs, and ſcornfully them mock,
You cannot err, you have no Stumbling-Block.

Your

Your Articles are ſo divinely wrought,
That you may crucify for only Thought:
Sin how you will, you'll never ſin amiſs,
If you have Money you are ſure of Bliſs;
But Popes without it excommunicate,
And damn you ever to a bitter State.
Your pious Prieſts will for a golden Fee,
The guilty Soul from Purgatory free:
'Tis the worſt Crime you conſcionably know,
If you refuſe a reverential Bow
To Images; when Holy Hoſt you ſee,
In naſty Filth you muſt bend down your Knee.
Prieſt-ridden Fools, unaw'd by Sin or Shame,
You rival Pagans in their Idol Fame!
You may go on, exert your utmoſt Care,
To fee your Pope and pray to Morning Star.
While I aloft on Pegaſean Wing,
My rambling Thoughts in wild Diſorder ſing;
Thro' which ſhines Truth conſpicuouſly divine,
I deviate far from Flatt'ry's fulſome Shrine.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

PAGE 4 line 13, for *Caliopeian* read *Calliopeian.*

30 do. 9, for *Tempeſt* read *Tempeſts.*

39 do. 17, for *Forebear* read *Forbear.*

39 do. 18, for the ſame word (do.)

58 do. 5, for *Ingorance* read *Ignorance.*

61 do. 13, for *oilus* read *Zoilus.*

74 do. 8, for *Submiſſion* read *ſubmiſſive.*

This Day are Publiſhed,

HACKWOOD-PARK:

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